

Speaker: Mildred Mansfield, August 1974

This is a tape recorded by Ralph Siddoway of the Uintah County Golden Age Center history discussion group in August of 1974. The principle speaker is Mildred Mansfield and she is speaking about Mill Ward and the mills there. My name is Mike Brown, of the Golden Age Center. Today is October 25, 1978.

Mildred Mansfield (Mildred): I'm happy to meet with you again. It's been quite a while since I was to one of your histories. I'll start coming now. I'm always real interested in history. As Ida said, she thought we'd like to discuss about the old mills that were in the area. Of course, there were several in the Maeser area. I don't know just who to have give their part first. Actually, the Reynold Mill was the earliest one, so maybe we better let Brother Carroll tell what he knows about those.

Carroll: Well, the Reynold's Mill was built quite a while after my father came with the sawmill.

Woman: Yeah, the sawmills were first, I was speaking of flour mills. Why don't you tell us what you know about that, then we'll have you tell about the other. I've got this little article that J.H. Bodily wrote on it, but I suppose you've all read that before, haven't you? The article that J.H. Bodily wrote on that flour mill?

Carroll: I think that'd be a good idea to read, then I'll comment.

Woman: He wrote this at the time when they were making a marker for that, so it's well-written, I thought. It was August 31, 1957 and read as part of the program they had when they dedicated that marker.

“Writing the history of the Old Mill is, to me, like writing an obituary of some old friend who was born into the world for some special mission, who honorably filled his mission, worked out the measure of his creation and passed on. Now we meet to perform the last earthly rites to honor his memory.

A complete history of the mill would cover a good part of the early history of Ashley Valley. The necessity of a flour mill was brought home to the people of this area during the Hard Winter of 1879, and the history of the mill would be incomplete without some reference to this period.

The Hard Winter of 1879 was very much like the proverbial storm that cast its shadow before it, for before winter started, portentous signs of trouble had begun piling up. The first of these was the Meeker Massacre in September of that year. Following this massacre, many of the Utes wanted to join the White River Indians in an all-out extermination of the whites. (Maybe some of you read about that in the *Express* in the last couple of weeks.) Settlers in Ashley would have been their first victims, should they have struck. So the whole Uinta Basin was now practically in a state of siege, for an attack by the Indians was expected at any time.

Although an attack was not actually made, this state of affairs had a devastating effect on

the settlers. Communication to the outside world was practically cut off. The few that traveled the highways did so at the risk of losing their lives and property. This greatly affected our supply lines, thus causing a scarcity of food. Because of a lack of preparation against an attack by the Indians, the settlers made many sacrifices and did a lot of work to prepare a defense. In their hysteria, many of them pulled down their cabins, and moved them to Hatch Town [Vernal] to make an improvised fort for protection. Others commuted between their homes and Hatch Town or Old Ashley Town, where some sort of defense was prepared, while some stayed on their farms and faced the dangers there.

Another worry already present was the problem with food and feed. The summer season already past had been a grasshopper season during which the range was badly damaged and part of the crops destroyed of the very few small crops that were planted. Food was already getting scarce and cattle were already poor and winter yet ahead and people began to worry about the future. (So it looks like problem piled upon problem and it all came to a head.)

As the season passed, danger from the Indians lessened, but other difficulties continued to accumulate until mid-winter when that terrible scourge, diphtheria, broke out and soon spread over the valley. Many died during this epidemic and a pall of gloom hung over many homes. (I'll tell you more about that in connection with my people later.) The winter ever after known as the Hard Winter was now here. This winter, in a way, turned out to be two winters.

A thaw came in January and some thought spring was on the way, but they soon found that winter had just started, for it began to snow and it continued for days until we were really snowed in. The snow was now too deep to wade through, horses to ride were not available, and by the time this snow crusted so that a man could walk on the crust, their cattle and horses were already starving and dying on the range.

The dividing up process was already in operation, including food and flour was getting scarce. People had some wheat left, but there was no way of getting it ground. There was some sort of mill at White Rocks, but they couldn't get to White Rocks because of the snow. Few families had coffee mills in which some wheat was ground, but these contraptions did a poor job and they were soon worn out. Communication with the outside world was cut off as all roads closed.

During this crisis, William G. Reynolds became somewhat famous as a miller by supervising the building of a flour mill by hand. He dressed two large flat stones for the buhrs, using odd parts of old machinery to complete the mill, while an old threshing machine horse-powered outfit was used to furnish power for the grinding operation. It is said that the men often took their places at the sweeps to assist the horses as they became too weak to furnish the necessary power needed. Crude though this mill must have been, it tided the settlers over one critical period of their history. In recognition of this fact, the DUP have preserved the buhrs which were part of the mill and they can now be seen in their relic hall (out front) so they still had flour, but the hardest part of the winter was yet ahead.

As the winter progressed, food got scarcer and scarcer. Their wheat was about all gone and now they were out of meat. The cattle were now too poor for beef. Some deer came into the low hills, but they, like the cattle, were too poor to be used and their meat was so impregnated with cedar, the only food left upon which they could browse, that it was not fit for food. People had already rationed to the point of necessity and the food supply was getting very low. Something had to be done by way of relief.

It was now early spring, yet from all indications, we were still snowbound. A few men

from different parts of the valley, however, volunteered to try and break through to Rock Springs for food. Dick Blakey, who was living with us at the time, took a team and wagon belonging to Father, one team of his own, loaded the wagons with cowhides with which to buy flour, and joined the expedition. The odds were against them making the trip; and looking back now, it may be hard to imagine just how important the outcome of the trip was. But one can easily imagine how anxious the people were, the vigil that was reenacted from many a cabin window watching for their return. I've heard my father tell how we sat and watched at our home and how he felt one morning when Mother informed him there was no food left in the house and how grateful he felt when late that very afternoon, Dick drove into the yard with food and flour.

It is said that every evil has its compensation. This maxim can be applied to the past Hard Winter. The people had suffered a lot, but they had learned some valuable lessons in the meantime. They knew now what it meant to be unprepared and what a recurrence of another winter under similar circumstances might mean. So when spring finally did come, they set to with all their might and accomplished wonderful things in a comparably short time.

William G. Reynolds was one of the vanguards. As soon as the snow was gone, we found him scouting the country for a mill site. He soon decided the best place to build his mill was on the northwest corner of section 16. As I remember it, this ground was at the time owned by Robert Bodily, who transferred the title to the forty-acre lot to Mr. Reynolds in consideration of the fact that the mill would be built there.

During the spring and summer of 1880, the first section of the mill was built on this spot of ground. This was a two-story building with a basement and was built of large round logs laid horizontally with the corners squared in. It was about twenty-six by thirty feet in size and was the first flour mill in Ashley. Another section about the same size was built on the north end a year or two later making about a twenty-six by fifteen feet in size overall.

This second section was a frame construction and had a history of its own. When it was first built, it was used as sort of a social center and dances were held there. Later, for several years, Ed Carroll used it for a carpenter shop where he did the planing and mill work for the construction of homes throughout the valley. And later, when the roller-mill system was installed, this section was equipped with part of that machinery which made one unit of the whole structure. Jess McCarrell and G.W. Van Gundy were the carpenters, while Robert Bodily did the blacksmith work.

The course of the canal was changed so that water would be available for power to run the mill, and a large wooden flume intercepted the canal directly west of the mill. This wooden flume carried the water to the mill where it was fed into a turbine, down a wooden penstock about six feet square and about twenty feet deep. Building this mill was of great worth to the community.

Coming into being as it did following the Hard Winter, it was somewhat like a rainbow after a storm, appearing to some as a symbol of deliverance and a bulwark of hope and contributing greatly to a feeling of security to some that were discouraged. This old mill proved to be the most legendary of any building I've ever known. Like the Mud Temple that burned down in 1890, this was part of my world when I was a boy. It once became the most important building in the country and roads now led to the mill and wheat began to come in from every part of the country to be ground for flour or chopped for stock feed.

Under the management of William G. Reynolds, this mill developed into what might be called an institution. If you were interested in the latest news and up-to-date gossip, you'd find it

at the mill, for it came in daily with the grist. If you were politically-minded, the mill was easily the number one political forum in Uintah County. It was also a kind of tribunal where the mistakes of the government, the state or county, including the malpractice of the courts, lawyers and politicians, were thoroughly looked into. If you had an important notice or announcement that you wanted everybody to hear about, the mill, of course, was the place to tack it up. The doors were always plastered with them—sometimes two or three deep. If you had a difficult question you wanted answered, there was no better place to go than to the old mill. You'd sure find someone there who would answer it. Whether he knew anything about the question to begin with didn't seem to make much difference, for he'd be so good at explaining it, when he got through, you'd both understand it.

In those days when cedar posts and wheat came near being legal tender, the old mill was a veritable clearinghouse. To collect a bill, you just had to say, "Leave it at the mill," or if you were paying a debt, you'd simply say, "I'll leave it at the mill." It was Mr. Reynolds who attended to the details of the transaction. From a social point of view, the mill was a real rendezvous, at times it was little less than a gymnasium. If you were interested in any kind of sport, you'd always find plenty of competition at the mill, no matter what game you might be interested in or how good you were. If you wanted to go someplace for just a little free entertainment or just to relax or rest, you'd find this feature already taken care of at the mill.

In the southwest corner of the mill was a huge stove into which you could throw a four-foot piece of cord wood without cutting it. Around this big stove was arranged a row of improvised seats, some of which were padded with flour sacks or sheep pelts. On cold winter nights, these seats were nearly always occupied. The first man there got the best seat. A good fire in the old stove, together with the sound of spinning wheels, slapping belts and vibrating machinery, simulated the finest kind of music, including the snare drums, thereby creating an atmosphere entirely compatible with relaxation and rest. This corner of the mill under these circumstances became a sort of bureau of information. It was here, too, that lives were relived in the illustrious path of the members recounted, where fish stories, bear stories, and true westerns were taken for granted.

So the old mill, in a way, became all things to all men, and this fact gives one an insight into the life of William G. Reynolds, owner of the mill. Mr. Reynolds, besides being a wit, could sing, jig dance, recite or write poetry, and his favorite game was checkers. (I bet there were a lot of checker games went on there, too.) He was a true pioneer and was charitable. Anyone in need never, ever, went away from his mill empty-handed. He and his son, George, ran this mill for about forty years, then it was sold to Lee Fletcher.

It was later owned and operated by the Farmers Milling Company with William H. Oaks in charge, at which time another section was built on the south of the original building by Mr. Oaks and J.H. Bodily. The end of the old mill came in 1934 when it burned down. This time it was owned by Dave Ellis, but we'll never forget the old mill.

Those of you with the DUP books know there's a picture of it there in flames. I thought it was nice they had a picture of that old mill. Now what would Brother Carroll like to tell us about it?

Carroll: I feel rather inadequate to try to add anything to that. But I put in about two hours over there with Ray Reynolds, and he worked in the mill day after day, he with his dad. He told me

that the way that it got started, he says his father came there, came to the valley in the fall of [18]79. He got in just before the Hard Winter started and stated here that they had no way of grinding the wheat so he went into the west there, those big slab sand rocks, and fashioned out some buhrs. Made slots in them this way, then put another on top, then it was turned first with the horses, as was stated. But when they got so poor they couldn't hardly turn it, why the men had to turn it.

Ray told me, he said they had no way of taking the weed seeds and things out of it. He said when they made the first flour out of this, you brought it home and his brother, George, smelled of it and he says, "I can't eat that stuff, smells too much like weeds." But before the winter was over, they had to use it. So, that was where it started, was in 1879, was when he came in and made those buhrs.

You'll see in that that's being passed around, the part that she told about, made of round logs. It was up on the first floor. It had a basement underneath it and it was in there where my grand-dad made what he called a tub, then put the water wheel in that, and as he said, the water came down through a penstock. I can see it now. It was built of two-by-fours, one just laid on top of another and nailed down solid. That run for about, oh how far was it? It must have been one hundred feet from the canal down to the...

Man: It was farther than that.

Carroll: Well, it came down there, in that elevation is about a twenty-foot drop then, down to the bottom of this basement where they put the wheels and that turned the shaft that went up through. They hooked those buhrs onto that, then they had the power to turn the buhrs to grind the grain with. My grandfather built that tub and built the waterwheel that went in it. It went in at a side angle, that way, and spun the wheel around this way.

Man: They built a turbine, wasn't it, instead of a waterwheel?

Carroll: The turbine was a waterwheel. You could call it a turbine, but it was set in a big tub so that it would direct the water against, and the water was operated by a wheel up in the second story, or up in the first floor. That's where the buhrs were, the waterwheel was down underneath. That was built in 1879. It was 1880 by the time they got the log mill and where they could put the grinder. It was then that this epidemic, diphtheria, was raging and killed so many of the people.

After that part was built, my father has to be mentioned here, he had a carpenter shop in that log building for a year or two. He brought the lumber down from the sawmill that he had up on there and he made a kiln to dry the lumber in, built it right alongside of the penstock that the water came down. He'd soak the lumber in water and put it in this kiln and dry it out, then made first-class lumber to make furniture. That's where he made his beautiful woodwork.

I can't add much to that about the flour mill, only I might add this, that I remember taking wheat there, and probably all you older ones do. I asked Ray what was the rate of exchange. He didn't know for a little bit and he scratched his head and he said, "I can't remember." I said, "I'll tell ya. I've took many a load of wheat there and three bushels of wheat made one hundred pounds of flour and fifteen pounds of bran and shorts." Ray says, "Yes, I've sacked up many a grist and that was the ratio of exchange: three bushels of wheat for one hundred pounds of flour and fifteen pounds of bran and shorts."

This other, I can't say that I can improve on that at all, but I will add this, I'll tie in the sawmill along with this other, because they run parallel. My father first came to this valley, Ashley they called it, in 1877. He came in with Murdock and Hatch. They drove a herd of cattle from Heber City in here in 1877. They drove them clear through to Green River.

While he was helping herd them that summer, the horse he was riding run under a tree and caught his trousers and ripped them right off from him. He had to ride for three weeks with just a blanket around him while they sent word to Heber City for his mother to make him another pair of pants, because that's the only ones they had. That was in 1877.

In 1878 my grandfather—he had a sawmill in the mountains there in Heber—he loaded the sawmill and his hay machinery and a plow, what machinery he had, had a mowing machine and a rake, that was all he had. He had two wagons with two yoke of oxen on each wagon. They were just loaded to the bows they was so heavy. Going up Daniels Canyon, in that seventeen miles up Daniels Canyon, they crossed the creek twenty-seven times. When they got to the top, then they found fishing was good and they had a good time and it took them three weeks from Heber City to Ashley Valley.

They got here along late in the spring, but it didn't take Grand-dad and his boys, my father and his older brother, Father was then fifteen, and his brother was seventeen, and they got busy and went up to the old mill site on Rock Point. We found what we thought was the old ditch that they carried the water down from Rock Point. He built an overshot wheel there to turn his sawmill. He brought that mill out in 1888, then he went back that fall and stayed in Heber City until spring.

Then he brought his family out in 1879, got here in time that he raised a little crop and done quite a lot of sawing before the winter set in. They lost two children that winter, the oldest boy and the youngest boy, and they are buried over here in the Rock Point cemetery.

Woman: Mr. Collier thought they were the first ones buried.

Carroll: No. Right by them is someone that was buried just a month or two before.

Woman: It was Snyder that was killed by lightning.

Carroll: Snyder, that's right. That was '79 and then in 1880, Grand-dad filed, well he filed before he went back to Heber City in 1878. He filed on that piece of ground that took in that whole beautiful pasture and that meadow. Grand-dad filed on 160 acres there and my Uncle Rob filed on the piece where Harvey Christensen lives. When Father went to file, he came out to where I live now, out here in Maeser, and they said, "Ed, what on earth did you go way out there on the bench for? Why don't you just stay along the creek with the rest of us?"

But he made that filing, that was in 1884. Between 1880 and 1881 is when the soldiers went in there. They sent a scouting party to locate a place for Ft. Thornburgh. When they found this beautiful meadow and all this feed for horses and mules, they said, "This is the place we want." So Grandfather had to relinquish his filing on that piece of property and move his mill up on Taylor Mountain. That was in 1881, and from 1881 until 1884, along 1882 and '83, is when his mill was running full blast. All the work was done practically with oxen at that time, there was a few horses, but mostly it was ox teams. It took so long to go up the mountain, they'd have to leave at daylight, where they lived, to go back to the mill site. It was after dark when the

drivers would get in there and unhitch their teams in the mill yard.

The second or third year that Father and Mother were married, in 1888, they moved up there to take care of the mill. Joe Carroll (that's Devere's dad) and Al Hodson, I believe he's a relative of Alma there, they moved up. They was driving the teams. When they went up, they had a cook house, the cook house and the bunk house, then the yards. That was just halfway between Vernal and Lone Tree, Wyoming. In this book that I have here, this is one of the ledgers that my father had at the sawmill, it speaks of them going to Lone Tree and going that way just about as much as it did come to Vernal. When they stopped there at the mill going either way, then a lot of them went up there for vacations and that place became sort of a center for travelers and vacationers. Then going on to the mill...

SIDE TWO

In here I've got this ledger that starts in 1889 and runs for ten years, from 1889 to 1899. There's Robert Bodily and Brother Merkley and all of those old houses, they're in here, and about the mill, the saw mill, and the flume mill that run for a few years, and Father furnished the material for that. The north end of the Reynolds Mill, Father sawed the lumber that they built that out of. That mill run 'til 1899, and during that time, Father moved the planer mill from the sawmill down to right east of Burton Johnson's store, that's where he put it.

In the meantime, Grandfather had bought forty acres from Bart Oakes. He was the one that filed on that, I don't know, 160 I imagine, takes in ... farm and all those along in there. He was down on the corner at his home down by Burt Merkley. But, Father built a house after they, he had to move his mill up on the mountain, then he come out and built this house on Father's place. Then that house, all of Mother's children were born in that house, and it was torn down in 1911, I found that out. But the planer mill was afterwards. Father had a thrashing machine that he run with a little stationary engine. They pulled it around on wheels, and that's what they drove the planer mill with down by Burtons. Then they moved the mill up behind our place and there you can see a little of the framework still left there from when it was torn down. So that's the story of the sawmill.

Man: I'd like to add one thing. He left out one item. My dad told me about the time that the men got into the mill late one night and they had some hogs in the pen, and they had a time keeping them there. So they come in, they thought it was the hogs that was loose, so they got after a bear, and they was trying to put him in the pig pen. It was dark as it could be and they couldn't tell whether it was a pig or a bear. They was trying to put him over in the pig pen! He laughed about that. Finally, one of them got a hold of that bear's hind leg!

LeRoy: Joe and Al Hodds, I've heard them tell about it. When they drove into the mill yard and unhitched their teams, why, Al says, "Joe, those pigs are out again!" Joe says, "I'll get around them and you run to the house and get the lantern. It's so dark we can't see to get them in." So when he got the lantern and got out there, why they was chasing a brown bear.

Woman: I wanted to know the location of that mill, the one that they're talking about between here and the mountain.

LeRoy: That mill was located in what they call Government Park. Glen and his wife, and Iva and I, and Joe Bodily, no Joe didn't go with us up there, did he? We went up there and all there is there now is a sign that says "Pat Carroll's Mill Site."

Man: Years ago there used to be a good road, now you said that was halfway between here and Lone Tree, Wyoming. Used to be a good road down that Young's Spring dugway and down through Hickerson Park, through there. Now you can't even ride a horse in there. The place is all filled up so you can't get down there at all.

Sue Watson: I was there at that party, don't you remember? And my dad's mill is marked, the government has put the marker up there at Ruple's mill site. Do you remember? And that's where my dad sawed the lumber for the fort.

(Comments, many inaudible and difficult to understand. To listen to the comments and conversations, listen to side B starting at about five minutes into the tape.)

Woman: Was the Corduroy Road in Davis Hollow?

LeRoy: In Davis Hollow?

Man: No.

LeRoy: Well, I think now would be a good time to interject the shingle mill into it.

Woman: We'll let Thelma and Lynn tell us about that.

Thelma: Martin David Oaks was living at the mouth of Daniels Canyon when a group of people stopped at their home one night in 1879. They were on their way from Heber City to Ashley Valley. Martin David and his wife decided to join them. So the next morning they left with them for Ashley Valley. In the group was Heber Timothy who was helping William G. Reynolds move his family and Martin David Oaks' family. On the way they joined Etham Green, George Brown, Otto Peterson and their families, who were traveling together. The group had nineteen people.

They reached the valley in December and all lived in the only cabin available, which had one room, a dirt roof, and dirt floor. The winter they stayed in the valley was always known afterwards as the Hard Winter to those who lived through it. The winter left its lesson of preparation for survival. These people moved by ox team and their hardships were many.

In 1882, Martin David and his wife, Abigail, and family, William Hyrum, Sarah, and Edwin, with some hired help, moved to the mountain with plans to build a split shingle mill. They settled in the natural park about twenty-five miles north of Vernal. The park was surrounded with pine-covered mountains with two tributaries to the north end of the park. It was the intent to utilize the water power of the streams for a split shingle mill. At this time, there was only one sawmill on the mountain. It was located over the ridge which is now known as Government Park, and was owned by the government. That is the mill that was Sue's father's later on, wasn't it? It belonged to the government.

The only foreign materials brought into the park to build the shingle mill was large sheets

of iron to be used to make the boiler. Attached to the boiler was a large steam box made of lumber, cut and sawed in the area. The inside measurements were eight by twelve. On the side facing large knives that worked up and down on a huge wooden frame was a sixteen-inch manhole through which blocks were stacked to be steamed. A large undershot waterwheel was constructed with two wooden frames, one on each side, which were to operate the saw which worked back and forth to saw the blocks and hoist ? up and down to cut the shingles.

The mill cut from eighteen to twenty thousand shingles a day, which was for one cutting. The type of shingles was quite superior to those made by sawmills. There are still some of these shingles in existence. Some of our old houses still have these, [for example the] tithing office at the DUP building, the rock house that the DUP building, one out in front. Shingles on that building are the split shingles from the Oaks Mill.

They used ox teams for logging and hauling shingles to the valley. One trip coming to the valley, the oxen were thirsty, and as they were traveling along the banks of the creek, they overpowered the driver and upset the load, dumping it down the bank into the bottom, but succeeded in getting their drink.

There was log cabins provided for the family and hired help. One spring when the men could get back to the park, they found a bear had broke the windows in one of the cabins of the mill. They had as many as six bears around the cabin in one night. They tell a story of Martin David coming down a narrow trail in the thick timber on a hillside in the park. He had been hunting for meat. He felt the presence of something and could see a huge bear standing up in the trail. The bear didn't make a to-do, so Martin David walked around him and on down the hill to the cabin.

One trip when Martin was out hunting deer meat for the family living at the mill, he sat down to rest, looked up the hill, could see a lion following his tracks. Martin slipped down behind the log and waited until the lion got close enough he could shoot him. They had trouble with the bear bothering the oxen. Finally, one succeeded in killing their favorite oxen. Some of the men made a platform in a tree. The moon was bright that night and the bear finally came and one of them wounded him, but they were afraid to follow him in the dark, so they took up the trail the next morning. They had an Englishman working at the mill and he insisted on going with them. He was anxious to see the bear and kept getting too far ahead. Martin kept telling him to stay back. Finally, the bear raised up from behind a log and the Englishman was too close to make his getaway, so Martin shot the bear and saved his life.

The fishing was good, so William and his sister, Sarah, and brother, Edwin, along with the others, fished to help provide meat for the camp. They gathered wild berries for food. Martin David became ill and died Oct. 27, 1894, living to be only forty-six years old. In the year 1899, Hyrum moved his family and sawmill to Ashley Valley, now this Hyrum was Martin's father.

Lynn: Oaks Park has changed a lot in the last ninety-two years. There are summer homes and one of the most beautiful lakes in the mountains surrounded by pines and quaking aspen trees. Beautiful mountains to see in any direction, good campgrounds and plenty of room for fisherman and boating, a beautiful scenic drive from Vernal over Taylor Mountain to the park, also many interesting places to see such as the old mill sites which are many. Logging camps and fishing streams and lakes and the bear are still visiting the camps as in the early days. The road is paved to the forest line and kept in good repair all year round.

Woman: I'd like to say that Thelma wrote this story for the DUP. It's published in one of the pioneer heritage red books.

Glen: I just wanted to make one remark. The time they were there, the first year, early spring, they lived off of deer meat, could kill one of those deer and clean it out and no fat, no nothing. You could cut a piece off and throw it at the side of the cabin and it would stick up there right on the log. That's the kind of meat they had to live on, and the circumstances they had to put up with.

Thelma mentioned about them picking berries. Eve talked about it several times, when there was bear picking on one side and you picking on the other, said as long as it picked over there, that was all right.

Sue: I believe that mill up there belonged to the government. My dad was just running it for the government because they finished building the houses at Whiterocks for the Indian school, and I think the government mill was moved there to the Whiterocks area, then my dad was sawing the lumber for Ft. Thornburgh. My oldest brother was born in 1883 and he was born in the hospital at Ft. Thornburgh, because the family belonged to the organization.

Man: About 1906, I went with my dad with a load of honey. We traveled through all those parks to the sawmill, went over all that Corduroy Road. As we went down the road into Carter Creek, it was really steep. About the only way you could tell where the road was was to look back and see where the wheels had scratched the rocks as it slipped down over it into Carter Creek. We camped there at Carter Creek, went over into Wyoming and sold the honey. On the road back, we stopped in one of those mill parks and Charlie Anderson, who was herding sheep there, invited us to go over and take supper with him. When we come back, we went to look for our horses and couldn't find them. Dad said, "They've headed for home." So, we went out the road three or four miles and couldn't find them and come back. We cut across the park toward camp. We stumbled over the old gray mare, she got up and rung the bell. She can lay down and no bell sounding, so we passed them up.

Woman: What did you sell your honey for in those days?

Man: Five dollars a can in Wyoming.

LeRoy: Let me tell you what it is in here.

Man: And you could hire a man for a dollar to a dollar and half a day, too.

Sue: Didn't we used to get honey for 50 cents, or a dollar a can, or a dollar and a half? I mean a five-gallon can?

Man: I saw it once sell here for three and a half a can. Junior Marshall had a number of cans, I guess about 300, for a dollar and a half a can, and he could get all the help he wanted for a dollar and a half a day. So you can still get a bargain when you consider your wages now. You can just about buy one and a half for a day, and you had to work two days then, to get by.

Sue: We got cowboys for a dollar a day and we got hired help in the house, hired girls for a couple of dollars a week, and they worked a lot harder than the cowboys did.

Man: It was several years after that, as soon as I was big enough to work, I worked in the summers for a dollar a day.

LeRoy: In this ledger, Father would buy their clothes, and a pair of overalls cost \$1.75 and a shirt was ninety cents and honey was \$3.60 a can. That's the way it's entered in here.

Man: What year was that in, Mr. Carroll?

LeRoy: That's 1890, oh, 1889 to 1890.

Man: There's something wrong there. I bought overalls sixty years ago. When I came here I bought overalls for seventy-five cents a pair. I bought shirts for sixty cents, and I bought shoes for \$1.50.

LeRoy: Shoes were \$2.50 and boots were \$6.

Man: You got them right after the war, you could buy them German dyed overalls for six bits a pair (seventy-five cents). You remember, they were darker blue than the blue denims we buy now, it was a different dye on them.

Man: They weren't Levis.

Man: No, they were bib overalls. I never did wear any Levis very much. You could buy them seventy-five a pair. Run that place for John out there and I had three or four pair. I used to milk the cows in them and I'd get milk all over the knees and I'd climb in the ditch. Every time they had a watering turn, I'd lay 'em in the ditch and anchor them, and the water would just run through them.

Mildred: As I said, this Lycurgus Johnson that built the flour mill here, my grandfather worked for him and operated the mill and also helped build that stone house, so I was going to tell you what I knew about that. I didn't find out much more about Lycurgus Johnson than is in this book, but he was born in Washington, Texas, in 1844. He came here to Old Ashley Valley and located in Ashley Town on October 15, 1878. It was there he became the second postmaster of the valley and he was also elected the first sheriff. Built the second flour mill in the valley in 1885.

Sue: Wasn't he judge also?

Mildred: It said that he was a representative of Uintah County for two terms, and appointed a member of the Continental Congress from Utah. One of the early merchants, member of the high council for many years. So, it doesn't say anything about being a judge, but maybe he was.

Woman: I think that after they came to Utah, when he was a young man, that they had up around Bear Lake, and they came over the mountains to Ashley Valley.

Mildred: Yes, this said that he came from Idaho with his widowed mother. Then he died in 1908.

Woman: Well, this says he operated his mill for twenty years, and George Goodrich was hired as one of his first millers.

Mildred: George also helped him build the mill and that stone house that was there. It's a brown home.

Woman: Then after he quit, it was not used for a while, then I remember my dad went up there and did carpenter work, renovated that mill and Sever Snow ran that mill for quite a while. Then in the 1920s it was torn down and sold to N.J. Meagher. But Lycurgus Johnson also had a store down here in Vernal. Where First Security Bank is, they had a store there.

Mildred: That's where it was, huh? So, he was one of the early merchants?

Woman: He had the store there where the First Security Bank was built.

LeRoy: It had a great big elephant painted on the west side of it.

Woman: Some of you can maybe remember that stone house that was there. The mill was south of this, southwest, north of it was it? I can't remember what it said here.

(several people talking at the same time)

Woman: I was going to tell you a few of the instances that happened there while my grandfather was running that and also his son, Albert, was a miller. Maybe you remember A.G. Goodrich that later moved to Moses Lake, Washington. I had a history of his that was quite interesting. Before my grandfather came to the Uinta Basin, they had pioneered down at that muddy mission. Of course, you know that that was later found to be in Nevada, so the people were told they didn't have to live there any longer. They were about to starve to death anyway, there was no lumber and they couldn't raise anything. The sand blew it all away and the grasshoppers and sand blew it all away. The wind blew the sand and blew it right out of the ground. So they were relieved and went to Morgan for a while and operated a mill there.

Then they came to the Uinta Basin. He came with his three wives. He had thirty-two children, so you can see he was quite a family man, except they lost some of them. But I was interested in this Albert Goodrich's account. He told when he was fourteen, he went to work at this Clark's Mill in Morgan. He said, "I was paid seventy-five cents a day for the first year and a dollar the second year." Or he made twenty-five a month, he said.

It was a rule of the mill to give the owner of the grist thirteen pounds of bran and thirty-six pounds of flour for every bushel. Some of the farmers never failed to bring clean wheat, but then there were others that brought dirty wheat mixed with cockleburrs, that wasn't so good. Tells about one winter he hauled a ton of flour from North Morgan up to Coalville and traded the

twenty sacks of flour for coal. He couldn't get his team to carry this load up the hill they bought, so he unloaded it all, and hauled it back on, of course, after he got them up the hill. He said, then, that he had no more than done that and he had to cross the railroad track. The iron shield of the wagon-sleigh got stuck onto the railroad tracks in front of the tunnel. So once again he unloaded every sack. He said he'd just removed the last sack when he heard the train coming through the tunnel. He got out of there fast.

So then another time, quite often Indians would come there to get what he said was tithing flour. I guess they were quite destitute and would come in bands from Idaho, and said they always rode on the platform of the train between the cars. They usually didn't pay any fare. He said then they'd camp near the mill quite often. He says one day one of the Indians that they all knew real well, Pablo Joe, was so drunk that he straddled the rail on the railroad track and he wouldn't budge, although the train was coming on. So he said that was a very pitiful sight to see those poor Indians picking up the pieces of that man and lamenting all night, having a pow-wow as they did, to scare away the evil spirit.

Then they came to Ashley Valley and he operated this mill at Maeser, while his father, meanwhile, had moved his family on down to Naples. It was then that this diphtheria epidemic broke out. Albert had it first and he was real sick, but he didn't die. He managed to live so he was sent up to the mill to work so that his father could come home and take care of the other sick children. He said, "It carried off five of my mother's children from a girl, Fanny, age 21, who was just engaged to be married, down to a little boy about six." These five children all died within about a week or ten days.

Woman: What year was that?

Mildred: This was in the year of that diphtheria epidemic, let's see...

Man: 1879.

Mildred: He said they were so scared of the disease that no one would even ride by the road there; and, of course, the doctors, they couldn't get any doctors, nobody would come to take care of the sick because they were all so afraid they'd get it. So, my grandmother, of the twelve children she had, was reduced down to five. Then later on my mother was born.

Woman: What caused that, was it the water?

Mildred: No, this was diphtheria, caused by a germ, just an epidemic, we don't see them much anymore, because we vaccinate for it all the time.

Sue: Lots of people lost several children. I know the Dick Pope family lost...

Man: That was later than '79, though, wasn't it?

Mildred: Yes, I was trying to find the date here.

Woman: That was about 1902. My grandfather had one year of medicine school before he came

here, and my mother said that they were gone, seemed like night and day, trying to help the families.

Woman: Cora Van Gundy went to the first school that was held here in Ashley Valley and she said Mr. Rich doctored them for their diphtheria that winter, the first winter they had school here. So that was in '79, and she said that he doctored them with... All the medicine he had was salt. He'd make them gargle with salt water.

[Begin tape 007]

Mildred: This was, evidently, about 1889 or '90 because he speaks next in 1890 where he took up a homestead in Naples. So, the epidemic was a year before that. There's several interesting accounts that my grandfather would like to tell, stories, humorous stories.

He told about how one time there was this old Indian that came to the mill to get the sack of flour, and as it was customary, he brought his squaw to pick up the sack of flour. So he went to place it on her shoulders for her to carry out to the horse, and my grandfather thought that maybe he could talk the Indian into reversing this queer custom and shoulder the flour himself, and be a gentleman and carry it out like a white man would do. But he said, this burden was too much for the old Indian, who was unaccustomed to using his muscles, he fell to the ground breaking his leg there on the mill floor.

His wife was quite furious at this and blamed George for the accident; he should have let her carry the flour in the first place. So, to atone for this, he had to keep that old Indian there at the mill for six weeks and take care of him, feed him and everything. Grandfather says, "I can still hear the old fellow call, 'George, bring the big cup.'" There weren't any plumbing in those days, this was his way of getting waited on.

So, my grandfather, I don't think, was quite so meddlesome in their affairs after that. He, later, and George Albert helped build the tabernacle and did the stone work. And George Albert was the one that designed that octagonal, what is it that's on the top? What do they call those? Decoration, I guess. On the old tabernacle, that octagonal...

Man: That steeple on top?

Mildred: Cupola, or something, whatever they call them. It said that he was well-loved by the Indians. They always figured that he was honest with them and said one old Indian said, "He good man. He no cheat Indian."

One time the tax assessor asked him how many pigs he had and he said, "Oh, I'll not bother to put those on your tax assessment." George said, "Those are good animals, put them in." So, he always tried to deal honestly with the people and work at the mill.

Any other items anyone can tell us about? That stone house burned down a few years ago. One of my cousins had taken a picture of it before it did, but I couldn't locate it. But I did want to show you some other pictures I have here of the family. Maybe you'd like to pass them around. George Albert was also one of the first men to work down here at Dinosaur digging up bones. That's the picture they printed a lot on a postcard, maybe some of you have seen. This is other pictures of his wives and families. That was just a house, it's not an old schoolhouse. I should have brought that old schoolhouse I've got from the Naples area, though, that has some of

them in it.

Woman: I have one of the first one in Vernal.

Mildred: This is the first one in Naples. This is another picture of George Albert. Our family just printed up this book this fall and it tells about him. One of the other wives finally settled over in the Bluebell area, so that's where all the Goodriches over there come from.

Anything else anyone can add? This George Albert was born in a dugout. Another one was born up there in the Muddy Mission where they had to hold the tent down, they couldn't even get it to stay in the sand, so men stayed up all night to hold the tent down while the child was born. That's the kind of conditions they lived under. The Uinta Basin looked pretty good to them after being on that muddy mission, they thought it was quite nice country. They came here in 1880, I think it was.

Sue: Uinta Basin looked awful good to me after spending twenty years in Los Angeles right near UCLA.

Man: Is George Albert the father of A.G.?

Mildred: Yes. It says this mill was located a few blocks west of the rock house. This house was considered by all to be one of the finest in the valley at the time. Yes, I've been, we used to have DUP meetings there while those Browns lived there. Up there, across that, you know where she says, where Tubby Merkley's house is. Actually, the one that Hall built was right on the spot. I can remember being in it when Florence Brown belonged to our DUP chapter.

Woman: Is it where Leah Goodman lived? I bet you that's the old house.

Mildred: It probably is. Is that the one that had its picture in the *Express* a while back?

Woman: I don't know, but all those are hand-hewn logs. That was there when my grand-dad lived across the street.

Mildred: I think this stone house was one of the first permanent ones, like that that was built in the valley. They made their own brick and built some. My grandfather is a stone mason, so I guess that's why he helped build that.

Man: I happened to be called over there right after it burned down. The neighbor said, "We've got a swarm of bees in there, come and get them." So I went over and they had been a swarm of bees in there and the fire had burned everything around them, and the bees, too. So the bees from our yard were going in there to rob them out, that's all it was, to get the honey out. So we took it away so he could finish tearing the rock house down.

Mildred: I thought after it burned, those rocks were all still standing.

LeRoy: What year was that, do you know? It must have been between '40 and '50 because I

wasn't here when it burned down, I was in California.

Mildred: It was a little later than that.

Woman: Lots later than that, because Haslems, Josh Haslem, lived in there for years and years.

Mildred: When I went to DUP, that was about '47 or '48, I'd say, because I didn't come back to Vernal until about '45, I was to a DUP meeting in it, and that was in about '48 when I was to that meeting, but it was later than that, I know, when it burned down.

Man: ...right along in about 1966 or '68, somewhere along in there, when it burned down.

Mildred: A little before that, but it was probably 1960. I'd written down here, "it was burned down in..." then I never could find a correct date, so I don't know.

Woman: Ask Alan Bennion, he lived across the street.

Mildred: I was trying to get a hold of this cousin of mine that took a picture of it, and he took it about two weeks before that burned down. We were going to have a family reunion, and he wanted to show it to all the family. Alan might know, too. I'll try and find that date. We're going to let Iva, now, tell us about the Johnstun mills that were up there.

Iva: I don't know, I couldn't find out, Mildred asked me if I'd find out about this. I didn't know anything about it at all. So, I called. George Johnstun was the father of Alma that owned the mill up Dry Fork, does anybody know?

Woman: Al Johnstun.

Iva: Al Johnstun Mill.

Woman: Where did you say that was, Thelma?

Iva: Does anyone know about that Al Johnstun Mill?

Sue: That's Joseph Johnstun's father, wasn't it?

Iva: He had a planer mill down here about where Main Street is, 5th West and Main.

Man: The planer mill was where 66 Service Station is.

Iva: He said it was moved quite a few times up on the mountain. I know that he worked in it, it says in the last *Vernal Express* where he'd worked in mills. George was born in 1897. I think the planer mill burned down, I don't know. He gave me some history and there was quite a bit of it that I have been looking for about Snyders and some of them from Snyderville. We never have been able to find out where Robert Snyder come from out of any history that I have been able to

read. We found out where Robert Snyder came from when he came to Vernal. So, George gave me quite a bit of history of his family, so I'll just read it over and the mill will come in with it, what he told me:

Alma Johnstun was the father of George E. Johnstun who lived here in Vernal at 145 North 500 West. He was born in 1897. Alma, George's father, had three sisters, Maria, Elizabeth, and Amy. Their parents were Jessie and Betsy Ann Snyder Johnstun. At the time of their marriage, they lived in St. Joseph, Missouri. Jess joined the Mormon Battalion on their march to California and Betsy Ann stayed with her parents, Samuel and Maria Snyder. A few months after Jessie left, Betsy gave birth to a daughter and named her Maria. Later, they crossed the plains and arrived in Salt Lake. They came to Salt Lake in 1848. After he arrived in Salt Lake, Samuel Snyder bought from Parley P. Pratt part of the narrow valley known as Parley's Park, just north of the present Park City.

Jessie and his brother, William Johnstun, were among the members of the Mormon Battalion present at Sutters Mill in California when gold was discovered there. In fact, William was one of the two workers who first discovered the gold. The brothers worked there for about four years before they returned to Utah. Jessie sent home gold from California with which his father-in-law, Samuel Snyder, built the first sawmill in Utah. It was located in Parley's Park.

Jess Johnstun came back to Utah in 1851 and took charge of the Snyder Mill. His daughter, Maria, who he had never seen, was then about four years old. Alma was born July 23, 1853, and was the only son of Jess and Betsy Ann Johnstun. One day in May of 1860 when Alma was about seven years old, he was with his uncle, Robert Snyder, then a young boy, and they were in the sawmill where Alma's father was inspecting the large saw from underneath when suddenly the saw began to turn and pinned his father helpless beneath its teeth and tore through his skull. The boys ran for help but were too late for anything to be done but remove the mangled body. Alma had rushed to his mother's bedside where she lay with her third baby girl just a few days old. The shocking tragedy, told in Alma's childish terror, caused Betsy Ann to spring out of bed to go to her husband. Her uncle, Egrim Snyder, arrived in time to persuade her to go back to bed, for he told her that the fatherless children needed her now, more than ever before.

May 30, 1875, Alma married Loretta Henry, a daughter of Calvin William Henry and Rhoda Percilla Barom. At this time, Alma worked in the sawmill. He understood very well all about the machinery and how to select trees to make the best lumber. He was also interested in mining and helped to locate some of the richest mines in the vicinity of Park City. He also owned considerable large herds of cattle.

There had been a lot of talk around Snyderville about Ashley Valley being such a good place to range cattle in the winter. So Alma and his uncle, Robert Snyder, decided to take their cattle out to Ashley Valley. They hired Joe Workman to help them drive the cattle out. Joe stayed to herd the cattle during the winter and Alma and Robert went back to their families. Robert took his family out the next year. We have record of them coming in 1875, but he brought his family; you know the first woman that ever came into Ashley Valley was Robert Snyder's wife. He

brought her here in 1876 to make his future home in Ashley Valley. Alma did not take his family out until June of 1878, and he did not settle in Ashley Town, but up on the bench that is now called Vernal. He had his house built and in September, Loretta gave birth to a baby girl, that was the first baby girl that was born in Ashley Valley. That was in 1878, and they named her Emma Lauretta.

Alma saw a possibility of a sawmill in the Dry Fork Mountains, so he located one there in 1880. For many years it supplied building material for the people of the valley. The mill was moved to different locations on the mountain, and in 1882, he built a planing mill on the northeast corner of what is now known as Main Street and 5th West. In 1892, it was destroyed by fire. Mrs. Johnstun lived on the mountain with her family and cooked for the mill hands.

When the children were grown and the boys were called to serve in the war, Alma retired from the mill business. He was thrown from a car and badly injured. He died December 18, 1920. His wife, Loretta, lived for several years after his death taking care of the sick, and she was very active in works for the LDS church.

That's about all.

Woman: Excuse me, you mean the man that built the old red planer died in 1892?

Iva: He died in 1920. The planer mill was destroyed by fire in 1892, but I remember it.

Woman: This is a newspaper of 1892 and I was just looking in it. It's got all these ads and tells of the businesses that were operating, and it says planing mill. "The planing mill owned by Al Johnstun converts the rough lumber from our neighboring mountain to material of which the finest houses may be built." Then it's got the grist mill, that's in 1892. This is February, though. It could have burned up later that year.

Iva: Maybe there was a mistake in his...

Woman: It was lots longer than 1892.

Woman: Yes, because I remember it.

Man: It was standing there when you and I went to the Academy. We used the old plane mill for our woodwork shop, George Johnstun making two big circular tables. We had to find some way to make those rims around the extensive tables round. So you mitered those and went over to that little red planer mill and run them under a big belt. It was a big wheel about the right diameter and we soaked them in turpentine and left them under those belts for three or four days in order to keep them from breaking when we'd make them circular. That was about 1915.

(Several comments from the audience about the year of the fire.)

LeRoy: Well, Cook had a planer mill up there right across from the high school when we were going there to school. That's the last yoke of oxen I ever saw pulling a load of logs, I think it

belonged to your father, wasn't it?

Man: He had ox teams long after they quit using them.

Woman: The Cooks' mill was up there on 5th West and 1st South.

Sue: Dad had oxen and G. Black always drove the oxen down. He had a flare for the dramatic, so whenever he brought down a load of lumber with the oxen, he would never take it right into the lumber yard which is behind, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Penney's store now, they had a lumber yard there. He would never take them. He would never come down Vernal Avenue and go in there. He would always go around and come down Main Street. Leo Thorne got a picture of the oxen coming down Main Street.

end.